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A

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH Going to BED.

Written for the Honour of the *Fair Sex*.

by Dean Swift.

Pars minima eſt ipſa Puella ſui.

Ovid Remed. Amoris.

To which are added,

STREPHON and *CHLOE*.

AND

CASSINUS and *PETER*.

DUBLIN printed:
LONDON reprinted for J. Roberts in *Warwick-Lane*,
MDCCXXXIV.
(Price One Shilling.)

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A BEAUTIFUL

YOUNG NYMPH Going to BED, &c.

CORINNA, Pride of *Drury-Lane*,
For whom no Shepherd ſighs in vain;
Never did *Covent Garden* boaſt
So bright a batter'd, ſtrolling Toaſt;
No drunken Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to ſup;
Returning at the Midnight Hour;
Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;
Then, ſeated on a three-legg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair:
Now, picking out a Cryſtal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.

Her Eye-Brows from a Mouſe's Hyde,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and firſt diſplays 'em,
Then in a Play-Book ſmoothly lays 'em.
Now dextrouſly her Plumpers draws,
That ſerve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwiſts a Wire, and from her Gums
A Set of Teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddeſs
Unlaces next her Steel-Rib'd Bodice;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Preſs down the Lumps, the Hollows fill,
Up goes her Hand, and off ſhe ſlips
The Bolſters that ſupply her Hips.
With gentleſt Touch, ſhe next explores
Her Shankers, Iſſues, running Sores,
Effects of many a ſad Diſaſter;
And then to each applies a Plaiſter.

But muſt, before ſhe goes to Bed,
Rub off the Dawbs of White and Red;
And ſmooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greaſy Paper ſtuck upon't.
She takes a *Bolus* e'er ſhe ſleeps;
And then between two Blankets creeps.
With Pains of Love tormented lies;
Or if ſhe chance to cloſe her Eyes,
Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the Laſh, and faintly ſcreams;
Or, by a faithleſs Bully drawn,
At ſome Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn;
Or to *Jamaica* ſeems tranſported,
* Alone, and by no Planter courted;
Or, near *Fleet-Ditch*'s oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a Hundred Stinks,
Belated, ſeems on watch to lye,
And ſnap ſome Cully paſſing by;

* ——— *Et longam incomitata videtur*
Ire viam ———

Or,

Or, ſtruck with Fear, her Fancy runs
On Watchmen, Conſtables and Duns,
From whom ſhe meets with frequent Rubs;
But, never from Religious Clubs;
Whoſe Favour ſhe is ſure to find,
Becauſe ſhe pays 'em all in Kind.

CORINNA wakes. A dreadful Sight!
Behold the Ruins of the Night!
A wicked Rat her Plaiſter ſtole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.
The Cryſtal Eye, alas, was miſs't;
And *Puſs* had on her Plumpers p---ſt.
A Pigeon pick'd her Iſſue-Peas;
And *Shock* her Treſſes fill'd with Fleas.

The Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight,
Muſt ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.
But how ſhall I deſcribe her Arts
To recollect the ſcatter'd Parts?
Or ſhew the Anguiſh, Toil, and Pain,
Of gath'ring up herſelf again?

The baſhful Muſe will never bear
In ſuch a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
Who ſees, will ſpew; who ſmells, be poiſon'd.

STREPHON

STREPHON and *CHLOE.*

OF *Chloe* all the Town has rung;
By ev'ry Size of Poets ſung:
So beautiful a Nymph appears
But once in Twenty Thouſand Years.
By Nature form'd with niceſt Care,
And, faultleſs to a ſingle Hair.
Her graceful Mein, her Shape, and Face,
Confeſt her of no mortal Race:
And then, ſo nice, and ſo genteel;
Such Cleanlineſs from Head to Heel:
No Humours groſs, or frowzy Steams,
No noiſom Whiffs, or ſweaty Streams,
Before, behind, above, below,
Could from her taintleſs Body flow.

Would

Would ſo diſcreetly Things diſpoſe,
None ever ſaw her pluck a Roſe.
Her deareſt Comrades never caught her
Squat on her Hams, to make Maid's Water.
You'd ſwear, that ſo divine a Creature
Felt no Neceſſities of Nature.
In Summer had ſhe walkt the Town,
Her Arm-pits would not ſtain her Gown:
At Country Dances, not a Noſe
Could in the Dog-Days ſmell her Toes.
Her Milk-white Hands, both Palms and Backs,
Like Iv'ry dry, and ſoft as Wax.
Her Hands the ſofteſt ever felt,
* Tho' cold would burn, tho' dry would melt.

Dear *Venus*, hide this wond'rous Maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your Trade.
While ſhe engroſſeth ev'ry Swain,
You but o'er half the World can reign.

* *Tho' deep, yet clear*, &c. Derham.

Think what a Caſe all Men are now in,
What ogling, ſighing, toaſting, vowing!
What powder'd Wigs! What Flames and Darts!
What Hampers full of bleeding Hearts!
What Sword-knots! What Poetic Strains!
What Billet-doux, and clouded Cains!

But, *Strephon* ſigh'd ſo loud and ſtrong,
He blew a Settlement along:
And, bravely drove his Rivals down
With Coach and Six, and Houſe in Town.
The baſhful Nymph no more withſtands,
Becauſe her dear Papa commands.
The charming Couple now unites;
Proceed we to the Marriage Rites.

Imprimis, at the Temple Porch
Stood *Hymen* with a flaming Torch.
The ſmiling *Cyprian* Goddeſs brings
Her infant Loves with purple Wings;
And Pigeons billing, Sparrows treading,
Fair Emblems of a fruitful Wedding.

The Muſes next in Order follow,
Conducted by their Squire, *Apollo*:
Then *Mercury* with Silver Tongue,
And *Hebe*, Goddeſs ever young.
Behold the Bridegroom and his Bride,
Walk Hand in Hand, and Side by Side;
She by the tender Graces dreſt,
But, he by *Mars*, in Scarlet Veſt.
The Nymph was cover'd with her * *Flammeum*,
And *Phœbus* ſung th' *Epithalamium*.
And, laſt to make the Matter ſure,
Dame *Juno* brought a Prieſt demure.
† *Luna* was abſent on Pretence
Her Time was not till Nine Months hence.

The Rites perform'd, the Parſon paid,
In State return'd the grand Parade;
With loud Huzza's from all the Boys,
That now the Pair muſt *crown their Joys*.

* A Veil which the *Roman* Brides covered themſelves with, when they were going to be married.

† *Diana*, Goddeſs of Midwives.

But, ſtill the hardeſt Part remains.
Strephon had long perplex'd his Brains,
How with ſo high a Nymph he might
Demean himſelf the Wedding-Night:
For, as he view'd his Perſon round,
Meer mortal Fleſh was all he found:
His Hand, his Neck, his Mouth, and Feet
Were duly waſht to keep 'em ſweet;
(With other Parts that ſhall be nameleſs,
The Ladies elſe might think me ſhameleſs.)
The Weather and his Love were hot;
And ſhould he ſtruggle, I know what——
Why let it go, if I muſt tell it——
He'll ſweat, and then the Nymph may ſmell it.
While ſhe a Goddeſs dy'd in Grain
Was unſuſceptible of Stain:
And, *Venus*-like, her fragrant Skin
Exhal'd *Ambroſia* from within:
Can ſuch a Deity endure
A mortal human Touch impure?

How

How did the humbled Swain deteſt
His prickled Beard, and hairy Breaſt!
His Night-Cap border'd round with Lace
Could give no Softneſs to his Face.
YET, if the Goddeſs could be kind,
What endleſs Raptures muſt he find!
And Goddeſſes have now and then
Come down to viſit mortal Men:
To viſit and to court them too;
A certain Goddeſs, God knows who,
(As in a Book he heard it read)
Took Col'nel *Peleus* to her Bed.
But, what if he ſhould loſe his Life
By vent'ring *on* his heav'nly Wife?
For *Strephon* could remember well,
That, once he heard a School-boy tell,
How *Semele* of mortal Race,
By Thunder dy'd in *Jove*'s Embrace;
And what if daring *Strephon* dies
By Lightning ſhot from *Chloe*'s Eyes?

While theſe Reflections fill'd his Head,
The Bride was put in Form to Bed;
He follow'd, ſtript, and in he crept,
But, awfully his Diſtance kept.

Now, *Ponder well ye Parents dear*;
Forbid your Daughters guzzling Beer;
And make them ev'ry Afternoon
Forbear their Tea, or drink it ſoon;
That, e'er to Bed they venture up,
They may diſcharge it ev'ry Sup;
If not; they muſt in evil Plight
Be often forc'd to riſe at Night,
Keep them to wholſome Food confin'd,
Nor let them taſte what cauſes Wind;
'Tis this (*the Sage of *Samos* means,
Forbidding his Diſciples Beans)
O, think what Evils muſt enſue;
Miſs *Moll* the Jade will burn it blue:

* A well known Precept of *Pythagoras*, not to eat Beans.

And

And when ſhe once has got the Art,
She cannot help it for her Heart;
But, out it flies, even when ſhe meets
Her Bridegroom in the Wedding-Sheets.
* *Carminative* and † *Diuretick*,
Will damp all Paſſion Sympathetick;
And, Love ſuch Nicety requires,
One *Blaſt* will put out all his Fires.
Since Husbands get behind the Scene,
The Wife ſhould ſtudy to be clean;
Nor give the ſmalleſt Room to gueſs
The Time when Wants of Nature preſs;
BUT, after Marriage, practiſe more
Decorum than ſhe did before;
To keep her Spouſe deluded ſtill,
And make him fancy what ſhe will.
IN Bed we left the married Pair;
'Tis Time to ſhew how Things went there.

* Medicines to break Wind.
† Medicines to provoke Urine.

Strephon,

Strephon, who had been often told,
That Fortune ſtill aſſiſts the bold,
Reſolv'd to make his firſt Attack:
But, *Chloe* drove him fiercely back.
How could a Nymph ſo chaſte as *Chloe*,
With Conſtitution cold and ſnowy,
Permit a brutiſh Man to touch her?
Ev'n Lambs by Inſtinct fly the Butcher.
Reſiſtance on the Wedding-Night
Is what our Maidens claim by Right:
And, *Chloe*, 'tis by all agreed,
Was Maid in Thought, and Word, and Deed,
Yet, ſome aſſign a diff'rent Reaſon;
That *Strephon* choſe no proper Seaſon.
SAY, fair ones, muſt I make a Pauſe?
Or freely tell the ſecret Cauſe.
TWELVE Cups of Tea, (with Grief I ſpeak)
Had now conſtrain'd the Nymph to leak.
This Point muſt needs be ſettled firſt;
The Bride muſt either void or burſt.

Then,

Then, ſee the dire Effect of Peaſe,
Think what can give the Colick Eaſe,
The Nymph oppreſt before, behind,
As Ships are toſs't by Waves and Wind,
Steals out her Hand by Nature led,
And brings a Veſſel into Bed:
Fair Utenſil, as ſmooth and white
As *Chloe*'s Skin, almoſt as bright.
STREPHON who heard the fuming Rill
As from a moſſy Cliff diſtill;
Cry'd out, ye Gods, what Sound is this?
Can *Chloe*, heav'nly *Chloe* ——?
But, when he ſmelt a noyſom Steam
Which oft attends that luke-warm Stream;
(*Salerno** both together joins
As ſov'reign Med'cines for the Loins)
And, though contriv'd, we may ſuppoſe
To ſlip his Ears, yet ſtruck his Noſe:

* Vide Schol. *Salern. Rules of Health, written by the School of* Salernum.
Mingere cum bumbis res eſt ſaluberrima lumbis.

He found her, while the Scent increas'd,
As *mortal* as himſelf at leaſt.
But, ſoon with like Occaſions preſt,
He boldly ſent his Hand in queſt,
(Inſpir'd with Courage from his Bride,)
To reach the Pot on t'other Side.
And as he fill'd with reeking Vaſe,
Let fly a Rouzer in her Face.

The little *Cupids* hov'ring round,
(As Pictures prove) with Garlands crown'd.
Abaſht at what they ſaw and heard,
Flew off, nor evermore appear'd.

Adieu to raviſhing Delights,
High Raptures, and romantick Flights;
To Goddeſſes ſo heav'nly ſweet,
Expiring Shepherds at their Feet;
To ſilver Meads, and ſhady Bow'rs,
Dreſt up with *Amaranthine* Flow'rs.

How great a Change! how quickly made!
They learn to call a Spade, a Spade.

They ſoon from all Conſtraint are freed;
Can ſee each other *do their Need.*
On Box of Cedar ſits the Wife,
And makes it warm for *Deareſt Life.*
And, by the beaſtly way of Thinking,
Find great Society in Stinking.
Now *Strephon* daily entertains
His *Chloe* in the homeliſt Strains;
And, *Chloe* more experienc'd grown,
With Int'reſt pays him back his own.
No Maid at Court is leſs aſham'd,
Howe'er for ſelling Bargains fam'd,
Than ſhe, to name her Parts behind,
Or when a-bed, to let out Wind.
FAIR *Decency*, celeſtial Maid,
Deſcend from Heav'n to Beauty's Aid;
Though Beauty may beget Deſire,
'Tis thou muſt fan the Lover's Fire;
For, Beauty, like ſupreme Dominion,
Is beſt ſupported by Opinion;

If Decency brings no Supplies,
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To ſee ſome radiant Nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring Birth-day Gear,
You think ſome Goddeſs from the Sky
Deſcended, ready cut and dry:
But, e'er you ſell your ſelf to Laughter,
Conſider well what may come after;
For fine Ideas vaniſh faſt,
While all the groſs and filthy laſt.

O *Strephon*, e'er that fatal Day
When *Chloe* ſtole your Heart away,
Had you but through a Cranny ſpy'd
On Houſe of Eaſe your future Bride,
In all the Poſtures of her Face,
Which Nature gives in ſuch a Caſe;
Diſtortions, Groanings, Strainings, Heavings;
'Twere better you had lickt her Leavings,
Than from Experience find too late
Your Goddeſs grown a filthy Mate.

Your Fancy then had always dwelt
On what you ſaw, and what you ſmelt;
Would ſtill the ſame Ideas give ye,
As when you ſpy'd her on the Privy.
And, ſpight of *Chloe*'s Charms divine,
Your Heart had been as whole as mine.

AUTHORITIES both old and recent
Direct that Women muſt be decent;
And, from the Spouſe each Blemiſh hide
More than from all the World beſide.

UNJUSTLY all our Nymphs complain,
Their Empire holds ſo ſhort a Reign;
Is after Marriage loſt ſo ſoon,
It hardly holds the Honey-moon:
For, if they keep not what they caught,
It is entirely their own Fault.
They take Poſſeſſion of the Crown,
And then throw all their Weapons down;
Though by the Politicians Scheme
Whoe'er arrives at Pow'r ſupreme,

Thoſe

Thoſe Arts by which at firſt they gain it,
They ſtill muſt practiſe to maintain it.
What various Ways our Females take,
To paſs for Wits before a Rake!
And in the fruitleſs Search purſue
All other Methods but the true.
Some try to learn polite Behaviour,
By reading Books againſt their Saviour;
Some call it witty to reflect
On ev'ry natural Defect;
Some ſhew they never want explaining,
To comprehend a double Meaning.
But, ſure a Tell-tale out of School
Is of all Wits the greateſt Fool;
Whoſe rank Imagination fills,
Her Heart, and from her Lips diſtills;
You'd think ſhe utter'd from behind,
Or at her Mouth was breaking Wind.
Why is a handſome Wife ador'd
By ev'ry Coxcomb, but her Lord?

From yonder Puppet-Man inquire,
Who wiſely hides his Wood and Wire;
Shews *Sheba*'s Queen completely dreſt,
And *Solomon* in Royal Veſt;
But, view them litter'd on the Floor,
Or ſtrung on Pegs behind the Door;
Punch is exactly of a Piece
With *Lorraine*'s Duke, and Prince of *Greece.*
A PRUDENT Builder ſhould forecaſt
How long the Stuff is like to laſt;
And, carefully obſerve the Ground,
To build on ſome Foundation ſound;
What Houſe, when its Materials crumble,
Muſt not inevitably tumble?
What Edifice can long endure,
Rais'd on a Baſis unſecure?
Raſh Mortals, e'er you take a Wife,
Contrive your Pile to laſt for Life;
Since Beauty ſcarce endures a Day,
And Youth ſo ſwiftly glides away;

Why will you make yourſelf a Bubble
To build on Sand with Hay and Stubble?
On Senſe and Wit your Paſſion found,
By Decency cemented round;
Let Prudence with Good Nature ſtrive,
To keep Eſteem and Love alive.
Then come old Age whene'er it will,
Your Friendſhip ſhall continue ſtill:
And thus a mutual gentle Fire,
Shall never but with Life expire.

CASSINUS

CASSINUS and *PETER.*

A

Tragical ELEGY.

TWO College Sophs of *Cambridge* Growth,
Both ſpecial Wits, and Lovers both,
Conferring as they us'd to meet,
On Love and Books in Rapture ſweet;
(Muſe, find me Names to fix my Metre,
Caſſinus this, and t'other *Peter.)*
Friend *Peter* to *Caſſinus* goes,
To chat a while, and warm his Noſe:
But, ſuch a Sight was never ſeen,
The Lad lay ſwallow'd up in Spleen;

He ſeem'd as juſt crept out of Bed;
One greaſy Stocking round his Head,
The t'other he ſat down to darn
With Threads of diff'rent colour'd Yarn.
His Breeches torn expoſing wide
A ragged Shirt, and tawny Hyde.
Scorcht were his Shins, his Legs were bare,
But, well embrown'd with Dirt and Hair.
A Rug was o'er his Shoulders thrown;
A Rug; for Night-gown he had none.
His Jordan ſtood in Manner fitting
Between his Legs, to ſpew or ſpit in.
His antient Pipe in Sable dy'd,
And half unſmoakt, lay by his Side.
HIM thus accoutred *Peter* found,
With Eyes in Smoak and Weeping drown'd:
The Leavings of his laſt Night's Pot
On Embers plac'd, to drink it hot.
WHY, *Caſſy*, thou wilt doze thy Pate:
What makes thee lie a-bed ſo late?

The Finch, the Linnet and the Thruſh,
Their Mattins chant in ev'ry Buſh:
And, I have heard thee oft ſalute
Aurora with thy early Flute.
Heaven ſend thou haſt not got the Hypps.
How? Not a Word come from thy lips?
THEN gave him ſome familiar Thumps,
A College Joke to cure the Dumps.
THE Swain at laſt, with Grief oppreſt,
Cry'd, *Cælia!* thrice, and ſigh'd the reſt.
DEAR *Caſſy*, though to ask I dread,
Yet, ask I muſt. Is *Cælia* dead?
HOW happy I, were that the worſt?
But I was fated to be curs'd.
COME, tell us, has ſhe play'd the Whore?
OH *Peter*, wou'd it were no more!
WHY, Plague confound her ſandy Locks:
Say, has the ſmall or greater Pox
Sunk down her Noſe, or ſeam'd her Face?
Be eaſy, 'tis a common Caſe.

Oh *Peter!* Beauty's but a Varniſh,
Which Time and Accidents will tarniſh:
But, *Cælia* has contriv'd to blaſt
Thoſe Beauties that might ever laſt.
Nor can Imagination gueſs,
Nor Eloquence Divine expreſs,
How that ungrateful charming Maid,
My pureſt Paſſion has betray'd.
Conceive the moſt invenom'd Dart,
To pierce an injur'd Lover's Heart.
Why, hang her, though ſhe ſeem'd ſo coy,
I know ſhe loves the Barber's Boy.
Friend *Peter*, this I could excuſe;
For, ev'ry Nymph has Leave to chuſe;
Nor, have I Reaſon to complain:
She loves a more deſerving Swain.
But, oh! how ill haſt thou divin'd
A Crime that ſhocks all human Kind;
A Deed unknown to Female Race,
At which the Sun ſhould hide his Face.

Advice in vain you would apply—
Then, leave me to deſpair and dye.
Yet, kind *Arcadians*, on my Urn
Theſe Elegies and Sonnets burn,
And on the Marble grave theſe Rhimes,
A Monument to after-Times:
" Here *Caſſy* lies, by *Cælia* ſlain,
" And dying, never told his Pain.
VAIN empty World farewel. But hark,
The loud *Cerberian* triple Bark.
And there——behold *Alecto* ſtand,
A Whip of Scorpions in her Hand.
Lo, *Charon* from his leaky Wherry,
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the Ferry.
I come, I come,—*Meduſa*, ſee,
Her Serpents hiſs direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, helliſh Fry;
* Avaunt——ye cannot ſay 'twas I.

* See *Mackbeth*.

DEAR *Caſſy*, thou muſt purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.
But now, by Friendſhip's ſacred Laws,
I here conjure thee, tell the Cauſe;
And *Celia*'s horrid Fact relate;
Thy Friend would gladly ſhare thy Fate.
To force it out my Heart muſt rend;
Yet, when conjur'd by ſuch a Friend—
Think, *Peter*, how my Soul is rack'd.
Theſe Eyes, theſe Eyes beheld the Fact.
Now, bend thine Ear; ſince out it muſt:
But, when thou ſeeſt me laid in Duſt,
The Secret thou ſhalt ne'er impart;
Not to the Nymph that keeps thy Heart;
(How would her Virgin Soul bemoan
A Crime to all her Sex unknown!)
Nor whiſper to the tattling Reeds,
The blackeſt of all Female Deeds.
Nor blab it on the lonely Rocks,
Where Echo ſits, and liſt'ning mocks.

Nor let the Zephyr's treach'rous Gale
Through *Cambridge* waft the direful Tale.
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd Race,
Diſcover *Cælia*'s foul Diſgrace.
But, if you fail, my Spectre dread
Attending nightly round your Bed;
And yet, I dare confide in you;
So, take my Secret, and adieu.
NOR wonder how I loſt my Wits;
Oh! *Cælia, Cælia, Cælia* ſh—.

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